THE HUNTRESS

EDUCATION—*"The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty."*—JEFFERSON.

VOL. VI WASHNGTON CITY D. C, APRIL 9, 1842. NO XVI—WHOLE NO 276

THE HUNTRESS.

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY

MRS. ANNE ROYALL.

At the corner of North B and Third streets Capitol Hill;

SELECTED TALES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SPECTRE SHIP OF SALEM.

The Rev. Cotton Mather, D. D. and F. R. S., an eminent clergymen in Boston, in Massachusetts, who flourished about the end of the 17th century, wrote a curious book entitled 'Magnalia Christi Americana," prevalent superstitions of the times in which he lived. The country had been, in the language of that period, 'exposed to war from the invisible world,' during which the inhabitants were afflicted with deamons, and so wrought upon by spectres, as to pine, languish, and die under excruciating torments. Sometimes the deamons attacked one part of the country the learned and Reverend Doctor's book, is to authenticate the very tragical instances in which they infested the houses and afflicted the persons of the inhabitants. 'Flashy peo ple" says he, 'may burlesque these things, but when hundreds of the most sober people in a country where they have as much mother-wit certainly, as the rest of man kind, know them to be true—nothing but the absurd and froward spirit of sadducism can question them. I have not mentioned so much as one thing that will not be justified, if it be required, by the oaths of more consistent persons than any that can ridicule these odd phenomena.' certainly few facts, if we may judge by the evidence, have been better established by the existence of witchcraft and the wars of prodigious spirits in the provinces of New England, during the time of Dr. Mather. We have accounts of trials conducted with all the forms and implements of jurisprudence, in which many persons were convicted of holding communication with demons—and we have what is still more remarkable, voluntary confessions of parties, acknowledging themselves in a league with the devil. So far, therefore, as the records, and archieves of courts of law can verify the truth of any investigation, we must believe that many of the things which Dr. Mather has set forth, are not only true as historical events, but naturally incident, however rarely to the condition and fortunes of men. It is not for us however to argue this matter, but many of the Doctor's stories are really striking, reviewing them merely as connections of fancy, and some of the phenomena which he describes, and boasts of having witness to confirm, have in different ages been seen in similar forms, and in countries far remote from New-England. The prodigy of the Cross which Constantine beheld in the air, is of this description—and the apocalypse vouchsafed to Godfrey in the Crusade, is of the same character. Dr. Mather describes noises and hurtlings heard in the air, a time prior to the Indian war of 1675, accompanied with the beating of drums, as in a battle. But without entering into any particular disquisition concerning these omens and augeries, we shall here present a version of his story of the naval apparition, only promising that it contains several particulars which the Doctor has not noticed, but which we are persuaded, are not less true than those he has related.

A ship called 'Noah's Dove,' was preparing to sail from the port of Salem for 'Old England,' when a young man, accompanied by his bride, came and engaged berths for himself and, passengers. No one in all Salem was in the slightest degree acquainted with the young couple, nor did they themselves seek any acquaintance in the town—but until the vessel was ready, lived in a most secluded state. Their conduct was blameless, and their appearance was highly respectable—but the sharp sighted people of Salem knew the prodigious appearances of the demons which afflicted the country, and they discerned something about them which could not be deemed otherwise than myste[rious].

Many persons intending to visit their friends in the old country, took passage also in Noah's Dove—but the friends of some of them thought they were rash in doing so, and that it would be as well to learn something of their own questionable fellow passengers, before hazarding themselves at sea with persons unknown. These admonitions gave occasion to much talk in Salem but instead of having the effect intended, fatal obstinacy became prevalent, and prevented every one who proposed to sail with the vessel from paying the slightest attention to them. This strange infatuation only served to deepen the interest which the town took in the departure of the ship. At last the day appointed for her sailing arrived. Never has such a solemn day been seen in Salem—and moreover, it happened to be a Friday—for the captain was not such a godly man as the mariners of Salem generally were in those days. A great multitude crowded the wharves, to see their relations embark, all was sorrowful, and many in tears. At last the ship hoisted the signal for sailing, and wonderful to tell at the same time that the flag was unfurled, a black bird much like a raven, alighted on the hand of the town clock, and by its weight pushed it forward some say full ten minutes. Each one who witnessed the sight was struck with horror, and some laid hands upon their relatives, to prevent them from embarking. But those who had engaged to go with the vessel, were wilful and could not be controlled. During these struggles, the two unknown strangers also came to embark, and she that was the bride was in tears, weeping bitterly. However, they stepped on board, and a sudden gust of wind at that moment, [the ship being cast loose from her moorings,] made her yaw off, and she was almost instantly at sea The crowd, however, remained anxiously watching her progress, until she was out of sight. They then returned to their respective homes, and the whole conversation of Salem for that evening was saddened with presentations and forebodings concerning the Noah's Dove.

In the course of the night, the breeze freshened into a gale, which before the morning, was heightened to a tempest. The sea raged with tremendous fury, and the wreck of clouds that careened in the heavens was scarcely less tumultuous than the waves of the angry ocean below. All the inhabitants of Salem were persuaded that the hurricane had something to do with the mysterious passengers in the Noah's Dove. Many were instinctively convinced, that the ship had perished, and resigned themselves to grief. For three days and three nights the wrath of the storm was unmitigated. On the contrary, it seemed to increase—for although it was midsummer, dreadful showers of hail, mingled with fire, and thunder, louder than ever had been heard before, pealed continually. No man could doubt the fate of the Noah's Dove. Indeed, it was the persuasion of all, that every person who was so unfortunate as to be within the sweeps and frenzy of the winds and waves, could not survive the vehemence of their distraction.

The sun on the morning of the fourth day, burst through the clouds in great splendor—the winds almost instantly became calm the hail ceased—the thunder was mute—and the billows, from raging surges, rolled themselves into a noiseless swell. A change so abrupt, convinced the pious citizens of Salem that the doom of the vessel was sealed—and although it was in vain to expect that the sea would present them with any sight of her wreck, or of that of other vessels—they hastened in great numbers down to the shore, where they stood until sunset, gazing and wondering with anxiety and sorrow.

Just as the sun disappeared, a sound of exclamation and hurry, accompanied by a bustling movement, arose from a group of persons who were standing on the top of a rock, considerably elevated above the top of a rock. and some one cried that a vessel was in sight. The whole multitude, on hearing this, were thrown into commotion, and fluctuated to and fro, eager to catch a glimpse of this unexpected phenomenon. It was, however, long before she came distinctly in sight, for any wind that was then blowing, was off the shore, and against the vessel, inasmuch as an old grey-headed sailor among the spectators, declared it was impossible she could work into the harbor that night. But, to their astonishment she still came forward, with her yards squared, and her sails full, notwithstanding she was steering in the wind's eye—before her hull could be properly seen, it was the opinion of all who beheld her it was Noah's Dove.

The Rev. Zebedee Stibbin who was then in the crowd, an acute man, and one who feared the Lord, knew that the apparent ship was a device of the prestigious spirits, and that it behoved all persons to pray for protection against them—he therefore mounted upon a large stone, and called on the spectators to join him in the 46th Psalm. which he himself began. repeating the line aloud, and then singing. The shores echoed with the solemn melody, and the rising wind wafted it along the increasing waves.

While the worship was going on, the sound of sudden cries and lamentations, as of persons in jeopardy, was heard in the air—the ship came straightway into the harbor, and being illuminated as described, was seen rigged out in every part exactly like the Noah's Dove. Many of the spectators saw their friends on board, and would have shouted to them with joy, but there was something dismal and strange in their appearance, which awed them to remain silent: The stranger young man and his bride were seen tenderly embracing each other, but no noise or voice was heard on board. At that moment the masts and rigging fell into the sea as if they had been struck down with lightning, and signals of distress were displayed, but still no sound was heard.

The multitude suspended their breathing, convinced that the vision before them was the unsubstantial creation of the prestigious spirits. This belief entered all their minds simultaneously, and in the same moment the mighty spectre vanished.

The Noah's Dove was never heard of, and it was believed that in that hour, riven by lightning and the tempest, she had foundered.

'Count me not,' says the Rev. Dr. Mather, at the conclusion of his narration, 'struck with the Levian superstition, in reporting prodigies for which I have such incontestible proofs.'

A THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL.

Away back in the State of New York, lives a Dutch farmer, well to do in the world, who always keeps about him a thousand dollar bill. With this bill in his pocket, and a shabby coat on his back, he prides himself on playing tricks on strangers—particularly such country merchants as have recently commenced business in the neighborhood, and are not acquainted with his circumstances.

As an instance of this kind, he went lately to a new merchant, with his clothes all in rags, his toes sticking out through his shoes, his hat without a crown, his beard a fortnight old, and ordered a few dollars worth of goods. The merchant stared at him—but as there was no great hazard in laying out the articles for him, none of which were to be cut, he executed the demand. When the goods were ready. the merchant stared still more to hear his scurvy looking customer ask him to charge them.

'Charge them!' exclaimed the man of merchandise—'ha! ha! ha! we're not in the habit of charging our goods to every body. We keep a sharp look out for breakers.

'Won't you charge 'em dem?'

'Not to you, I thank you. You must have a better coat on your back, to expect credit from us.'

'Den if you won't charge 'em,' said the Dutchman. 'I must dry and bay for 'em down. if so be, supposin' I can muster money enough.' Then taking a Thousand Dollar Bill from his pocket, he extended it to the merchant, with a sly leer on his face, and said, 'will you change dat?'

'That, what! a thousand dollar bill? Is it possible that—that a man of your appearance—'

'What, Misther—be's you scared, ha? Did you never see a tousand dollar bill afore?'

'A man of your appearance!' continued the merchant, in his astonishment, 'with a thousand dollar bill? I could have sworn——'

'None of your shwearin here, if you blease, misther—but give me mine change, dat I may be off to mine farm agin.'

'Off to your farm! A thousand dollar bill! Who are you, if I may be so bold!'

'Who be's I? Wy, don't you know your own neighbors man? My name be's Fritz Von Vogler, a poor farmer, mit no more as one tousan acres of lant, and dis shmall bill in my bocket—so if you'll change it and let me begone, I'll dank you.' 'Change it' Lord sir, where should I get money of a morning to change a thousand dollar bill?'

'Trust you, Mr. Vogler! that I will to the amount of a thousand dollars, if you wish You didn't suppose I was afraid to trust you, did you?' said the merchant, growing very complaisant.

'Haw, haw, haw!' roared the Dutchman as loud as he could laugh—'you begins to haul in your horns a little, does you? Strange vat vonders a small tousand dollar bill vill vork in a man's good opinion! So you'll drust me now, vill you?'

'Certainly, certainly, sir.'

'No I'll be vipt if you shall—if so be I can find siller enough in mine bocket to bay you. As he said this, the Dutchman hauled out out an old stocking full of dollars, paid for the goods, and giving another hearty haw! haw! haw! at the astonishment and sudden change of opinion of the merchant, departed.

INDIAN ANECDOTE.

John Sequasquash, an Indian, of the remains of a tribe in Connecticut, was some years since brought before a justice of the peace on some charge or other, which I do not now recollect. John happened to be drunk at the time, and instead of answering directly to the questions put by the justice, merely muttered out—'Your honor is very wise, I say.'

Being unable to get any other answer from him, the justice ordered him to be locked up till the next day, when John was brought before him, perfectly sober.

'Why John,' said the justice, 'you were as drunk as beast last night.'

'Drunk!' ejaculated the Indian.

'Yes, drunk as a beast. When I asked you any question. the only answer you made was—'Your Honor's very wise—very wise?'

'Did I call your honor wise?' said the Indian, with a look of incredulity.

'Yes,' answered the magistrate.

'Then, replied John, 'I must have been drunk, sure *enough*,

An old lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and that was his only fault. 'Fault, madam,' said one, 'how can you call that a fault!—'Why, because there are different ways of eating them, sir: My husband always takes them in the form of brandy.'

A QUEER FELLOW.—A Doctor of our acquaintance, with but few patients on hand, is learning with all his might to sketch faces, under the impression that by its practice he will soon be able to *draw* customers.

Are you asleep!' said a lady to her surly husband, after getting his breakfast ready. 'Be off and don't bother me,' said the gallant citizen, 'if I was asleep; I would'nt tell you.'

An honest peasant woman, named Maria Plor, is at present living in the Faubourg of Maubeuge, in the north of France, and has attained her hundredth year. She lately lost one of her offspring, who had reached the age of 80. 'Ay,' said the old mother, weeping for her recent loss. 'I always said that I should never be able to bring up that child!'

WASHINGTON CITY.

SATURDAY APRIL 9, 1842,

From the Pittsburg Manufacturer.

"CONSTITUTIONAL CURRENCY."

"One of the first acts of the federalists when they came into power. was to repeal the Independent Treasury, a law that was calculated to protect the revenue of the country, and to preserve in the Treasury a sufficient portion of the constitutional currency to meet all demands against the Goverement. But this salutary law was repealed, and the consequence is that the government has not a dollar in coin to redeem the Treasury notes that are now falling due."

"Independent Treasury." Our friend Phillips says "a law that was calculated to protect the revenue," * * * and "to preserve a sufficient portion of the "constitutional currency" to meet all demands upon the Government. "Independent Treasury." Independent of what? Ah! Phill! Is this your democracy? Is this your patriotism? your Irishism! Now we happen to know a little of "this same," and your "constitutional currency," too. Mark that good people all. "I thank thee, Jew, [Phill.] for teaching me that word," for "thereby hangs a tale." Now Brother P. will you deny upon "your honor" that this word "constitutional currency" does not mean a certain gentlemen for the Presidency. We will not name him, however, as we do not wish to bring a blush in your face.

Seriously—it always gives us pleasure to aid the Republic of these U. S. and know of no assistance in the compass of our very poor abilities, that would be more welcome to her, than to expose her errors, and tell her plainly of her faults—for America, that is, OUR OWN AMERICA, can only fall by her own hand—the whole world combined, CANNOT conquor THE U. S. nor her territories, if the citizens are only true to themselves. Therefore, it is doing the country no little service, in those who can do so, to strip the mask off of hypocrites, who say one thing and do another—who under the assumption of some popular name or cant word, to gull the people like demons, are planning the downfall of our country.

But to the point. Our friend tells truth in the present case, but not the whole truth. For instance: The Independent Treasury, alias, sub-Treasury, *was* independent, that is, it was independent of the people. Here is where Brother B: tells truth, but not the whole truth.

"A law that was calculated to protect the revenue" [from the rightful owners, the people] "of the country," &c. Then Mr. P. settles the question himself, by acknowledging the revenue to belong to the country, by which, though rather *equivocal*, he can mean no other than the people. This is all very kind in Mr. P. and grants all we ask. Then if the revenue belongs to the people, have they not the best—the "constitutional" right to it, and to manage it as they please? Supposing; for the sake of argument, [and we sincerely wish it was so,] Mr. P. had an estate, producing an annual revenue, would he suffer any man, or set of men, to seize upon it without his consent? Would he tamely look on with arms folded, and see his own money locked up in iron safes—in vaults—enclosed with iron doors and iron bolts and bars—double doors, and every precaution taken to keep Mr. P. from having even a peep at it, and he might think himself well off, if not shot down by the guard, should he pass of a dark night. Would he consent to this? Would he tamely look on? See the keys successively turned upon his years subsistence, and pocketed before his face? and then to be told "We place your money under lock and keys for safe keeping, and will give it out to you, as in our opinion we think you need it." Would Mr. P. think this "constitutional?" Certainly not.

He would think there was a conspiracy, to not only defraud him out of his just rights, but to act the tyrant over him—and he would think right. So precisely thought the people, and we all saw how they took the alarm from one end of the country to the other, and rose in their might and nullified the impious deed, and yet the editor calls it a salutary law? It might be a *convenient* law for tyrants. It suited the would be tyrant who conceived and planned it, but "salutary," never!

It was a master stroke, conceived by pride and arrogance, to *force* its way to the Presidency!

But Mr. P. says "the consequence [of repealing the sub Treasury] is that the government has not a dollar of coin to redeem the notes now falling due!!!" Aye, indeed! Where was the coin in the iron safes when Mr. Van Buren left the government? What became of that? There is as much now as then.

Well, if we are poor, we have one comfort left—we are still FREE. This would not have been the case, had a few aspiring demagogues succeeded in retaining the revenue in vaults and iron safes, under the control of the President.

This movement savored rather rank of *tyranny*, friend Phillips. It put it in the *power* of the President to arm and equip the *army* and *navy*, at any moment the whim might take him, and subdue the people. What was to hinder him? Nothing under Heaven.

It is absolute nonsense to say this would not be the case, or to hold any argument upon the subject. It was an indirect invitation for him to do so, and more—it was contrived for no other end, and no one knows the projector or the object of it, better than the editor of the Manufacturer.

But the question is, not whether a President would or would *not* use the power—it is in giving him the POWER. No man ought to be trusted with absolute power, in a government calling itself a republic—it is a dangerous experiment! No! Let the people cling to their treasury, as they do their heart's blood. It was an act of madness to surrender the purse to one already in possession of the sword.

HON. HENRY CLAY'S FAREWELL SPEECH.

We are sorry our engagements were such, that deprived us of the pleasure of hearing Mr. Clay on this occasion.

From reading the speech, and from information derived from those who heard him, it appears to have been one of his happiest efforts. It is said there were few dry eyes in the galleries, and that his hand was sometimes raised to brush the tear from his own eye.

When he came to that part of his subject that related to the kindness, and the many distinguished honors heaped upon him by Kentucky, his adopted State, the scene became moving in the extreme!

By the way, one of the *Alabama* papers called the *Southerner*, published at Talladega, unfurls the banner of "Henry Clay of Kentucky," in large letters, under the editorial head, for President. Mr. Clay's opposition to the veto power will make him very popular.

HUMBUG.

This popular word is the only one we can think of, without recourse to Webster's Dictionary, to expose a very singular plagiarism, of recent date. It is as follows:

Every one of ordinary newspaper reading recollects that the highly distinguished Poet, *Whittier*, composed an elegant, and very complimentary poetic article, on Hon. Henry Clay, entitled "He is *not fallen*." This is copied into a Loco Foco paper, published at Clarksburg, Va. called the *Scion of Democracy*, with *not* Mr. Clay, but Col. *Benton's* name at the head of it, in large capitals. This must make the people stare.

We cannot think that even Col. Benton, itching as he does for the Presidency—would approve of this.

The gentlemen (Messrs Bassel and Harper] who are the *Editors*, are copying Amos's "HONEST DEMOCRACY." It appears how[illegible] they have not received the Benton cou[illegible]gn, viz. 'Constitutional currency.' They ought to exchange with the *Baltimore Sun*—it would teach them some of the secret signs of the party. War with England is another sign. We should like to see that part of the constitution which points out what the "constitutional currency' consists in.

Politics apart, we shall be happy to renew our acquaintance with Mr. *Harper*, if he be one of the gentlemen of that name we met with some years since, in Pennsylvania. Meantime as we are sometimes troubled ourselves with 'constitutional scruples,' and pray our brother of the *Scion* to enlighten us on the subject of, what IS 'constitutional currency,' should he happen to come across it?

Meanwhile, we beg leave to assure Mr. Harper of our esteem and our best wishes for his happiness and prosperity, and that neither political opinion, nor time, nor distance, will ever erase his former kindness from our memory!

GEN. BURLESON.

We are glad to hear that this family—a very extensive one, still maintains their character for skill in war, and undaunted bravery.

We knew those Burlesons several years ago, about the settling of Alabama. There were three brothers of them, John, James and Joseph, at that time elderly men, with several sons and daughters married. The sons and sons-in-law, with the fathers, were all in the Indian wars under Gen. *Jackson*, and fought with him in the battle of New Orleans—the whole of them as brave as Cæsar.

Each one of the brothers had a son named *James*, the name of the General. Therefore, we cannot say which of the brother's sons he is.

The elder Burlesons were the pioneers—first of *Tennessee*, and second of *Alabama*. Their father was a native of New Jersey—one of the JERSEY BLUES. He removed from that State to North Carolina, and from there to what is now called East Tennessee, in company with another family [the first permanent settlers on the waters of Holstein.] This was during the revolutionary war—when the father and uncles of Gen. B were boys, the eldest little over twelve years old.

Their object was merely to escape from the depredations of the tories, who destroyed every thing they had.

Shortly after this, their father died, and the boys, with all the courage of old, experienced warriors, having two guns between the three, killed deer—and protected their mother—acting as scouts for the interior—and, as they grew up, being joined by others, held the Indians, whom they often met in their excursions, in fear. Moreover, being followed over the line by the tories, they were continually under arms, and have grown up in the field.

The three brothers and their sons, by their knowledge in arms, and skill in Indian warfare, contributed most signally to the settling of Tennessee, Alabama, and Texas!

By this time there must be another brood of those warriors every one a host in himself.*

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* We never heard of but one of the brothers, Capt. Joseph—removing to Texas. Could the Texans engage the whole of these brave and experienced men, it would facilitate their movements against the Mexicans, and if well sustained, the Texians might teach that monster, Santa Anna, a lesson he would not so soon forget as he did his pledge to President Houston.

The fact is, the whole world should unite against a people so callous to the feelings of humanity and avenge the wrongs of the great and good MONTEZUEMA.

THE CONGRESS LIBRARY.

Who are the joint committee on this portion of the public property? We wish to hear a report on this library, to ascertain how much has been destroyed since the PIOUS Mr. Mehan has been there with his lordly salaries for himself and son. What does this committee mean? Have they not heard that leaves have been cut out of books to suppress facts? books lost, &c. while the gentleman has taken the liberty to put his pauper son in office without leave. This is some of Amos Kendall's "*honest democracy*," we suppose.

Come, come, gentlemen; no backing out, or we shall coax Charley to bring you up by the previous question. Meantime, we shall look about for the names of the committee.

From the Greensburg (Pa.) *Intelligencer.*

THE ARMY OF LOCUSTS.

The following list of the officers, clerks, and agents of the Commonwealth, on the public works, with their per diem pay or salary, was furnished by the Auditor General, in obedience to the call of a resolution of the House of Representatives. It is an appalling sight for the oppressed tax-payers of the Commonwealth. Is it any wonder that the people are crying out everywhere in thunder tones for the sale or lease of the public works! Would any well managing Company have such an army of men upon the Columbia Railroad, at such an immense expense, as is here shown! There is no extended comment necessary from us upon this statement—it is startling enough in itself.

	Persons.	Salaries.
Phila. & Col. R. R.	182	$101,234 62
Susq. & East. Div.	46	15,465 50
West Branch,	23	5,664 50
North Branch,	24	8 785 00
Beaver Division,	16	3,792 50
French Creek,	14	2 833 00
Delaware Division,	34	13 553 50
West Div. Pittsburg,	31	11,853 50
" Johnstown,	54	11,654 00
Juniata Division,	84	35,026 00
Alegh'y Port R.R.	13	7,770 00
" M. Power,	18	12,866 25
Erie Extension,	7	8,022 50
North Branch,	4	4,372 50
	550	$242 893 37

Harrisburg Chronicle.

So it appears that extravagance and governments are identified.

Thus we affirm, names are nothing: We would thank the courteous editor of the Greensburg Intelligencer to add one more boon to his BLEEDING COUNTRY, viz—publish the NUMBER of hands these titled dandies were paid to oversee.

This however, is nothing to what we can show in the BIG AUGEAN stable, observing in the first place, that Washington, like Harrisburg, is the poorest place in the world. Well, to go on. When one of those noble beggars wish to raise the wind, for a supper, or ball, or any thing costly, he will jump into a little wagon, come to the Capitol in session time, pick up a bundle of Congress documents purposely prepared, and say "I'll take this to the Post Office.' The Item is entered—money or checks—or something is given, perhaps a nod or any thing—money advanced, and the matter goes on the contingent debit. Thus Moses or Aaron * *

But they were seldom known to be long apart.

hauling one, two, or as it happens, 1 to 5 loads in this way.

Or paid so and so—horse hire or wagon hire, &c. &c. and the fine ball, or what ever it may be, goes on,

Again if a lady wishes to purchace a full ball dress, with jewels to match, she takes two or three old maps, paints them over, and here goes three or four hundred dollars for painting maps, lady's name—secret!!!!

To be brief, if Harrisburg can produce greater government robbers than we of Washington, we should think it time to purchse a hemp-plot at the back of their Capitol.

We were tickled almost to death at a little thing we heard yesterday. A drunken fellow was tottling along with a jug of whiskey, and as he attempted to climb a fence, he fell on one side of the fence, and the jug on the other. The liquor immediately commenced running out, and when it was nearly gone, the loafer raised himself upon his elbow and listened to the liquor as it came out with its peculiar sound of 'good—good—good!' 'Oh yes!' (said the loafer,) 'I know you are good, but d—n you, I can't get at you.'—[Cin Mic.

Dutch Justice.—Justice.—Brisoner pe you guildy or not guildy!

Prisoner.—Guilty, your worship.

Justice.—Sings monts in der hause of correction. Tudder brisoner. Pe you guildy or not guildy.

Prisoner.—Not guilty.

Justice.—Den vat der deyvul did you come here for! Go 'pout yer pusiness! Court's oop! Shentlemon, let's go over to Ike Hagerman's and dake someding warm for de stomach's sake!'

The Christmas Bonnets.—A city maid-of-all work, having bought a new bonnet with her 'Christmas boxes,' resolved to wear the same on her next 'Sunday out; and asked the servant next door to accompany her, as some protection from persons in the street, who invariably noticed any new gears she chanced to wear. Accordingly, the two girls set out for St. Paul's, where, chancing to enter at the moment the choir were singing the Hallelujah chorus, the girl in the new bonnet darted out of the church, crying to her friend. 'I told you how it would be—they were all crying out to me 'hardly knew you'' [Hallelujah?) 'hardly knew you?) [Hallelujah!]

'Pa, do the tailors have committees in the Common Council!'

'No, my love,'

'I'm sure they ought, for the butchers have one'

'Not that I am aware of.'

'O, yes, I read it in the paper. It is called a Joint committee.

A gluttonous fellow in days past, while on his way down the turnpike for Albany, stopped near dinner time to refresh himself at a country tavern. Applying to the landlord for some dinner, he was answered that a pig had been roasted for a party that would be there in half an hour—but if he would cut smoothly from the Caledonian, he might go in before the party arrived. In went the glutton. Half an hour after, the landlord followed to see if his visitor was near done—when to his astonishment, the glutton [as the last of the pig was disappearing in the vortex of his mouth] exclaimed 'Landlord, landlord, have you got any more ob dese leetle hocks?'

On a sun-dial, in a village in Kent, England, is the following inscription—'we shall' which apparently possesses no meaning at all—but a rustic wit, in the neighbourhood, has fully explained the enigma, by a small addition, which makes the sentence read thus——'We shall di-all.'

'Simon, please tell me why Frenchman are so *bitter* in their animosities?'

'Well, I guess I can't guess. What is it?'

'Why, because they are sons of Gaul.'

'Well now, so it is.'

Want of Dignity.—We understand that one of the charges brought against Gov. Morehead, away from Raleigh, is that 'he does not support the dignity of his Office, that he will actually stop in the street to shake hands with wagoners!' And this too, urged against him by those very dear lovers of the people, the 'Democracy.'

POETRY.

A KISS—'TIS A MAGIC SPELL.

A kiss—O 'tis a magic spell
That wildly thrills the breast,
And bids it with emotion swell,
When lip to lip is pressed.
'Tis friendships pledge—affection's seal—
And, though a transient bliss,
Yet still the coldest heart must feel
The rapture of a kiss.

A kiss! 'tis love's own tender breath,
Fond language of the heart,
The last communion held in death,
When friends forever part.
When gloomy cares disturb the breast,
No charm can soothe like this.
The mind sweetly lulled to rest,
Beneath a magic kiss.

A kiss! yes, 'tis a dear delight,
Whose memory often cheers,
And shines through clouds serenely bright,
Recalling by-gone years.
Who hath not felt the bosom beat,
With an ecstatic bliss,
As loving souls together meet
In transport's glowing kiss!

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

I love the country spinster,
Who turns the buzzing wheel,
Who plies with busy hands, the card,
With merry hum, the reel.

I love the country seamstress,
Who marks the household gear,
And who, with industry and art,
Prepares the homespun wear.

I love the country milkmaid,
Whose daily task supplies.
A wholesome food and beverage
For country families.
Her neat and ample dairy
Her industry attests,
And when night finds her weary,
In innocence she rests

I love the country housewife,
Her neat swept rural dome,
Where love, and truth, and kindness dwell,
The ploughman's happy home.
They wear their healthy blushes,
They walk with form erect.
They wear their own wrought home spun,
And gew-gaw show reject.
No 'Grecian bend' affected,
No ambling, mincing pace,
No scornful tossing of the head,
No modish, wry grimace.

No sallow, pale complexion.
No court spots speck the lips,
No camels Hump deforms the back.
No Bishop eke the hips.

No 'come and see my shoulder?
No studied vicious taste,
No whalebone frame to choke the breath,
No corsets cut the waist.
No dark midnight carousals
Corrupt their purity,
No trescherous espousals
Convict of coquetry,

Faithful to all relations,
As mothers—daughters—wives—
Associates, kind—as lovers, true,
And virtuous their lives.

Filling up the sea.—A ship having sprung a leak, an Irish sailor was employed at the pump, but first looked over the rail to see how high the water was on the side of the vessel. After pumping an hour, he again took a peep over the side, and finding the vessel was four inches deeper, than when he began, he exclaimed, 'arrah now, Captain dear, I shall soon pump the sea full at this rate, for I have raised it four inches already.'

Swift, comparing the Roman Senate with a modern representative body, says; —'The first seemed to be an assembly of heroes and demy gods, the other a knot of pedlars, pickpockets, highwaymen and bullies.'

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These are but different modifications of the same disease, arising from the same cause, distinguished by the same diagnosis, and curable by the same remedies. Their common cause is an irregular action of the Electro-Galvanic forces in the system; they may all be detected by pressure upon the sides of the vertebræ and glands of the neck which elicits the Electro-Galvanic symptom, and they may be cured by these Electro-magnetic remedies: The latter are accompanied by a compendious medical treatise, explaining the principels of the discovery upon which they are founded, stating the manner in which they are to be applied In this work Dr. Sherwood demonstrates the fact that every part of the human body, together with every particle of animate and inanimate matter, either in a negative or positive state of electro, and that every motion, in all matter, whether in the largest masses or in the smallest particles, is produced by the attracting and repelling force of this universal principle. The morbid action which produces disease of the organs or limbs, seems to be occasioned by the undue preponderance of one of these forces in the system and his remedies restore health by subduing this irregular action to an equilibrium. By this means the very seeds of the disease are eradicated, and a permanent cure effected, even in cases where all hope of relief from other sources is abandoned. The Electro Magnetic remedies are the only preparations applicable to this prevailing class of diseases, and they never disappoint the confidence reposed in them the symptoms of the class of diseases to which diey are applicable can be discovered, under the rections contained in the work which accompanies them than without the aid of a physician, and can be used with perfect safety and success with dieting or invenience.

FEW parents realize how much their children may be taught at home by devoting a few minutes to their instruction every day Let the parent make the experiment with his son ten years old for a single week, and only during the hours which are spent in school. Let him make a companion of his child—converse with him familiarly—put to him questions—answer inquiries—communicate facts, the result of his reading or observation—awake his curiosity—explain difficulties—the meaning of things and the reason of things—and all this in an easy, playful manner, without seeming to impose a task. and he will himself be astonished at the progress which he will make. —*President Linsey.*

How incalculably would the tone of conversation be improved, if it offered no exceptions to the example of Bishop Beveridge! 'I resolve never to speak of a man's virtues to his face nor of his faults behind his back:'—A golden rule! the observation of which would at once banish flattery and defamation from the earth. Conversation stock being a joint and common property, every one should take a share in it--and yet there may be societies in which silence will be our best contribution. When Isocratas, dining with the King of Cypress. was asked why he did not mix in the discourse of the company, he replied.—What is seasonable, I do not know, and what is I know is not seasonable.—RALEIGH REG

Cabinet, Chair, and Sofa Manufactory
AND
UPHOLSTERER

G. W. DONN & CO.

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they carry on the above named business in itsvarious branches, and will manufacture to order any article in their line, also repair furniture of all descriptions in the best manner.

Their stock on hand in their Ware-room, on Pansylvania Avenue, equidistant from the raiload depot and Capitol gate will consist of

Spring and cushion-seat Sofas, Low Bedsteads
Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)
Centre, side, column, pier, dressing, sofa, loo, dining and breakfast Tables
Wardrobes, Bedsteads
Mahogany, Rocker, parlor and other Chairs
Hair, moss and shuck Mattresses, &c.

All of whic are of the best workmanship, and will be sold as reasonable as at any other establishment in Washington.

d Ljoons wishing to exchange their old furnita

CONFECTIONARY

THE SUBSCRIBER having removed from 7th street to Pa. Avenue, between 3d and 4th street, below the UNION TAVERN, below, where he has the honor to inform his friends and the Public in General, that he is prepared to furnish at the shortest notice every variety of article in his line; Cakes of every description, Candies in every variety, Fruit Nuts, &c. H. BARNS

FRESH
GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS,
For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at
J. F. CALLAN'S,
Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th streets,
WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following

Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broceli, Collards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celery, white and red; Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad, Cress or Pepper rGass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled; Kale or Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch ettuce, all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes; Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red, and silve. Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, early and late; Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, premium, Radishes, many sorts; Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster; Spnage round and prickly; Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower Seeds, Bulbous Roo s Dahlias, &c. &c.

☞,hese seeds are put up in small and onvenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. he Roots, (particularly he Dahlias,) are of the most beautiful description, comprise a the new varieties, and wi be sold at the NewYork prices.

*** Orders from a distance punctually attended to, and Seeds, Roots and plants carefully packed to go to any part othe, United States.

GERMAN HOTEL,
BY
CHARLES ROSENTHAL.

The proprietor has removed to the south side of Penn. Avenue, between 12th and 13th sts. to the House lately occupied by C. COLTMAN, where he will be happy to entertain his old customers and strangers.

THE GENUINE VEGEAB LE PILL —An effectual cure for Gonorrhœa, Gleets. Strictures, &c. &c. Of all the remedies yet discovered for the cure of these complaints, the Vegetable Pills have been the most effectual, as they have never been knowe to foil to effect a perfect cure. They are mild and pleasant to take, yet powerfu a their action, and may be taken withou he knowledge of the most intimate friend These Pills are put up in square boxes, with full directions accompanying each box. For dale by & W Young, jr. C Stott, corner of 7th street and the ave ue; C T and T etJardella, corner of 12th a the avenue Wade on 7th street.

Georgetown, O by Linthicum

PROPOSALS
FOR
PUBLISHING BY *SUBSCRIPTION*

The Authentic Report of the Controversl Discussion, that took place in the Ci of Dublin, in the year 1827, betwe the Rev THOMAS MAGUIRE, and t Rev R. T P. POPE.

This celebrated work, the most remarable controversal discussion of moder times, having gone through twenty-one editions in England and Ireland, where it i still read with extraordinary vidity, an in the United States passed through thre editions, all of which are exhusted to th last copy; and the demand for it from a quarters, Catholic and Protestant, bein still very great, it is proposed to re-publis it in Weekly Numbers at such a price a to put it within the reach of all withou poressing any.

Those in the City of N. York, who wish the work, will be served by leaving their names with the publisher, John Doyle 294, Pearl Street, those at a distance can have i regularly mailed to them, by remitting one dollar in a post-paid letter.

Agents.—Mr. Patrick Conolly, 118 Ann St. Boston;—Henry Mc Keon, Willing. Alley, Philadelphia;—Mr. John Farnon Utica, N. Y.;—r.T Mathew McLeod Georgetown, D. C.;—Mr. Peter Haynes Savannah, Geo.—and the office of the U. S Catholic Miscellany, Charleston, S. C.

It is a well known fact that this grea controversy has converted more sectariesto the Catholic Church in England and Ireland than any other work whatever; and he lso been the happy means of bringing grea umbers to the true faith in the United States It is therefore hoped that every sincere Catholic will end his aid, by putting down his name, to prevent so valuable a work from being out of print, more particularly when for his subscription, he will receive the umost value.

NEW GROCERY,

Mr. JAMES GIVEN has the honor to inform the Public in general, and his friends in particular, that he has just opened a Grocery Store in that noted building on Penn Avenue, near the Railroad Depot, formerly occupied by Mr. Dunn as a furniture store. and latterly by the office of the Native American, where he will be happy to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom, with every article in the Grocery line.

$100 REWARD.

DR. STORM'S SPECIIC COMPOUND

For the cure of Gonorrhoa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabets or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the uretha of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and too, in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been taken according to directions, return the empty vial and get back the money. Why then spend both time and money with such quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon; when, for $1, you can purchase a pleasant, sure, and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substance? One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral substance whatever.

☞For sale in Washington city by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue, and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; and by H. Wade on 7th street, and by J. & W. Young jr.

In Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

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